

COAST



MAIL.

The Development of our Mines, the Improvement of our Harbors, and railroad communication with the Interior, specialties.

The Ostrich's Digestive Power.

Ostriches have so frequently given extraordinary proof of their immunity from indigestion that men have ceased to be surprised at the museum which are periodically removed from the stomachs of dead specimens. There is still, however, room for a good deal of astonishment and some reflection. In their anxiety to secure as much meat as they can in as short a time as possible, they swallow their food, and any foreign matter that may be adhering to it, precipitately, and are consequently very uncomfortable and melancholy. Birds are liable to the same affliction, and there is no mistaking the inconvenience, tending low spirits of which our caged pets undergo when they have been over-indulging in the pleasures of the table. The "sparrow-camel," however, hardly deserves to be called a bird, and it certainly is not a beast, so that analogies drawn from either order are scarcely applicable.

At the first settlement of the world, according to Oriental tradition, all the creatures upon it were called in by Allah, to be taught their several habits of life and to have their places upon the earth allotted to them. The birds appeared, "the total kind of birds, in ordinary array on wing," but the ostrich, seeing all the little feathered things go flying by, scorned to join them, and came to the conclusion that he could not be a bird. In his pride he disregarded the summons, saying to himself, "I suspect I must be a beast." It was, however, the turn of the beasts next, and to the dismay of the ostrich he found they had all of them four legs apiece; but, remarking they had no plumes, he recovered his self-complacency. "It is evident now," said he, "that I am not a beast; so it is probable I am an angel." When the beasts had dispersed, the ostrich found himself alone with the bat; and Allah, looking out upon the great parade ground, saw these two standing together in expectation of a special summons; but he put a public affront upon them by pretending not to notice them, and retired without assigning either of them any fixed place in creation. The bat has been so ashamed of himself ever since that he only goes abroad when it is getting dark, and the ostrich withdrew into solitudes of the desert. There it behaves as it likes, regardless of the proprieties. Though a bird, he has never tried to make a nest; and, though not a beast, it lays eggs like a fowl, but crops the herbage like cattle; wears hair on its back, though it has only two legs, and is altogether an irregular and self-opinionated person. That such a creature should not go picknicking off an ironmonger's stock-trade is, therefore, no more than might be expected from its eccentric habits; and the pretense that it eats tenpenny nails to help its digestion cannot be accepted as a creditable evasion of the truth.

In Rome the other day an ostrich was dragged to suffocate itself by pushing its neck through between two bars, swallowing a bunch of keys that had been dropped outside, and then trying to get its head back again. The result was that it was choked, and its stomach being examined for missing property, the usual assortment of stones, nails, beads and coins was discovered, with, however, the interesting addition of a silver medal of the Pope and the cross of an Italian order. By whom or when these honorable decorations were conferred upon the sparrow-camel, no one knows; but the ostrich, it seems, did its best to show its appreciation of the distinction accorded it, and swallowed both the medal and the order. It had a button-hole from which to display its honors, but at all events it had a coat—to its stomach.

Danger from Indians Exaggerated.

Reports are received at Department Headquarters from the commanding officers at Fort Lapwai and Camp Howard to the effect that danger was apprehended from the Nez Perce Indians in the vicinity of Kamiah. The report from Camp Howard stated that much alarm was manifested by the citizens in the vicinity of Mt. Idaho, who were coming to the latter place for safety in anticipation of a possible outbreak. Gen. Howard at once directed all available troops to be held in readiness to take the field in case of emergency, and caused immediate investigation to be made into the state of affairs at Kamiah. Subsequent reports proved that there was no cause for alarm nor danger of an Indian outbreak in that vicinity.

The Astorian tells of more accidents to fishermen. Another victim was Erick Kiskilla in a boat belonging to the West Coast Packing Company, who was knocked overboard by a swinging boom.

Secrets of the Printing Office.

London Printer and Stationer. Printers have never, we think, received due appreciation for the honorable confidence which they have preserved in regard to the secrets with which they have necessarily been entrusted. Such a case as this often happens. An article in a newspaper or magazine makes what is called a "sensation." It is entirely anonymous, and public curiosity is excited to the utmost to discover the name of its author. The writer may be a Cabinet minister, a high official, a courtier, or any of the thousand and one persons who, if he were suspected of writing for the press, would at once lose his position, his office—perhaps his reputation. On the other hand, the writer may be a struggling author, a hard working journalist, or a mere literary amateur. In any case his secret is preserved; his anonymity is safe as long as it is confided to the printers.

Tales of the East.

When the empire of the Saracens was at its zenith, silk culture and silk manufactures were added to the commerce of the further East, which had already proved a large element of prosperity. The Arabian tales are full of allusions to silk. It was the material of the tapestry hangings in the great halls of that enchanted palace where the young king of the Black Isles miserably languished, while he received every day a cowardly and treacherous wife, the wife of his father's friend, and came to the conclusion that he could not be a bird. In his pride he disregarded the summons, saying to himself, "I suspect I must be a beast." It was, however, the turn of the beasts next, and to the dismay of the ostrich he found they had all of them four legs apiece; but, remarking they had no plumes, he recovered his self-complacency. "It is evident now," said he, "that I am not a beast; so it is probable I am an angel." When the beasts had dispersed, the ostrich found himself alone with the bat; and Allah, looking out upon the great parade ground, saw these two standing together in expectation of a special summons; but he put a public affront upon them by pretending not to notice them, and retired without assigning either of them any fixed place in creation. The bat has been so ashamed of himself ever since that he only goes abroad when it is getting dark, and the ostrich withdrew into solitudes of the desert. There it behaves as it likes, regardless of the proprieties. Though a bird, he has never tried to make a nest; and, though not a beast, it lays eggs like a fowl, but crops the herbage like cattle; wears hair on its back, though it has only two legs, and is altogether an irregular and self-opinionated person. That such a creature should not go picknicking off an ironmonger's stock-trade is, therefore, no more than might be expected from its eccentric habits; and the pretense that it eats tenpenny nails to help its digestion cannot be accepted as a creditable evasion of the truth.

There is a neat story of a practical joke practiced by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid on an obscure citizen of Bagdad. The man was stupified by a powerful narcotic, and while in this condition, was carried into the palace and put to bed. The next morning he was greeted with every attention and ceremony as commander of the faithful, while the real caliph watched him through a lattice and enjoyed his bewilderment. The fun was fast and furious, but it came very near being spoiled by the uncontrollable mirth that ensued when a pair of silken drawers was handed to the slum caliph—he had not been used to such luxuries, and he put on the garment as if it were a jacket, drawing its legs over his arms. In another tale, the pomp and wealth of the King of India are described by Sinbad the Sailor in a sort of official report to the caliph of Bagdad. One of the details is that 1,000 men, clad in cloth of gold and silk, march before the oriental monarch.

The patterns of silk, or their quality, bore at that time some definite relation to the rank of their user. Thus, it is related of Zobeide that when in a strange city, though ignorant of the language and customs, by carefully studying a curtain of silk stuff hung before a gate-way, she discovered that this was the entrance to the palace of the reigning prince of the country. But Zobeide was peculiarly qualified for this study—she was doubtless a good judge of silk. A small patriarchy which she inherited in Bagdad had been invested by her in the business of rearing silk-worms. She was so prosperous in producing and selling silk that she was able to restore the fortunes of each of her sisters when they came to her, successively, in a state of beggary. Eventually she became rich enough to own and occupy "a magnificent house, whose front was adorned with fine columns, and had a gate of ivory." Haroun Alraschid, in disguise, shared the hospitalities of this mansion one evening. He was charmed with the owner, and made her his wife and the mistress of his harem.

An old man named Patterson, who had been confined in the Insane Asylum for several years, was discharged from the institution as cured. He took passage on the Tillamook schooner to visit his son, who farmed at the Bay. The meeting of father and son was a joyful one after so long a separation. It was to much for the weak minds of both. The father was first returned to the asylum, and in a couple of weeks the son, Cortes B. Patterson, became a raving maniac, and he now occupies space in the ward adjoining that of his unfortunate father. It turned out to be a very sad reunion after all.—Telegram.

All Things Are Now Ready.

From age to age the call is still the same. As one generation sweeps another off the stage—some heeding, some despising, some not even hearing the benignant invitation, it is still repeated: "All things are now ready." Yes, at whatever moment the poor, sin sick, starved, exhausted sinner first begins to feel his want, and turns his dim and haggard eyes toward that scene of splendor and festivity, before unknown or madly disregarded—how ever untimely the appeal may seem—though the prayer be breathed at midnight, in the dark, from the beggar's hovel, the field of battle, or the dungeon, or the scaffold—the response is still the same: "Come, for all things are now ready." The resort to this supply can never be too early; it should never be too late. It can never be too early for the soul is never without consciousness of want—a restless craving for enjoyments, better than the best it has experienced. It should never be too late—as it is, alas! too late for thousands—because all things are now ready; and when all things are now ready, and the opportunity afforded of getting them but transient, it is self destruction to refuse acceptance—it is folly, it is madness even to postpone it.

(To be continued.)

Infinite Distances of Heaven.

The methods of finding the distances of the stars of stellar parallax is one of the most interesting problems of modern astronomy. In the days of old the stars were supposed to hold the same position in regard to each other from age to age, and were therefore called fixed stars, to distinguish them from planets. Nothing can be further from the truth. The telescope shows that the stars are in constant motion, but that the rate of motion is so slow that thousands of years must elapse before the eye can perceive any change. Some stars are coming toward us, and some are receding from us. The sun, which is only a star, is moving with all the planets in his train. Our earth, which is but an atom among atoms, is whirling, no one knows whither, through illimitable space. Even the serene heavens above us in this same space, pervaded by an infinitely subtle ether, whose particles are seething and surging like the waves of a stormy sea.

Not Wanted.

In the spring of 1865, when Sheridan's cavalry moved up the Shanandoah valley to have the last wrestle with Early's troops, a halt was made by a portion of the Union troops near Waynsboro. Guards were thrown out to protect property, and among others the house of a lone and aged widow received such protection. Two dismounted cavalrymen were stationed at the front door, and it was half an hour or so before any stir in or around the house gave token that it was inhabited. Then the widow limped to the door on a crutch and called one of the guards to her and asked: "What are you doing here?" "We are guards to protect you and your property," was the reply.

"Well, you needn't fool away any time here. Early he came and took our hay. Then Sheridan came and he took our corn. Then Mosby he stole our hams and 'taters. Then Sheridan took our flour and cider. Then Early ran off all our horses. All I had this morning was an old sick mule and meal enough for one horse cake. The mule died two hours ago, and if you can find anything worth guarding around here you can have it and tote it off." "But some of the soldiers may disturb you." "I guess not," she said, as she pointed to the spot where a cannon ball had torn through the house. "The day the hole was shot through there, I was reeking and singing the 'Pilgrim's Hope,' and I didn't miss a rock or drop note! I don't hardly think one brigade of horse-jockers can disturb me very much. You will oblige by joggin' along."

Judge Porter, Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana, was to have opened the canvass on the 12th. He is very confident at the prospects of the Republicans in that State in October. His successor as First Comptroller, was named today, Judge Wm. Lawrence, ex-member of Congress from Ohio.

Historical Sketches of Oregon's Southern Coast.

NUMBER XXII. BY HENRY BALDWIN.

In the little creek just above Hall's Prairie was found about a dozen canoes, which were demolished; the land from here becoming higher and dryer traveling was much easier. At the mouth of the North fork were a few deserted ranches, which shared the fate of the canoes, and at last the Middle and South forks were reached. Here, where now stands the comfortable home and fine farm of Mrs. Hoffman, were several ranches which were soon reduced to smoldering piles, and here the Red Man made his last stand. Several balls, from Indians in ambush, passed through the white boats, but no one was hurt. After a few hours of brisk firing, the enemy retreated to the mountains, carrying with them some few dead and wounded, and leaving many, whom they could not get at the time, on the river-bank. As the rains had now set in it was thought useless in pursuing any farther, so the jaded and almost naked soldiers retraced their steps, and without the least molestation arrived safe at Lewis'.

This, and the lesson taught by the defenders of Battle Rock, struck the Indians with terror, for no number were committed by the Coquille tribes, with the exception of the two killed on Dead-man's slough in 1858; this act was done by out-casts from the tribes, their own people informing and helping to bring them to punishment. Without these lessons I have no doubt more murders than the above mentioned would have been committed, owing to the lawlessness, cruelty, and blood-thirsty spirit of a few gold-seekers who roamed about seeking some pretext to imbue their hands with the blood of unfortunate Indians.

Whilst these scenes were enacting in this theatre of war, "C" troop was wending its way by Flora's creek, through the bald hills of Curry county, and hewing roads through the trackless woods till they arrived at what is known as Rowland's Prairie (this place was first settled on in Coos county by Wm. Rowland, I think in the year following). Here a rain was sent, with the intention of descending the stream and driving the South Fork Indians from their fisheries. Rain fell incessantly all that day and night, the river raised, and next morning the delay for raft operations found their craft gone, so this project was abandoned. After scouting around for some time and finding no tracks returned to head-quarters at the mouth of the Coquille. The road made by this company was the first in either Coos or Curry county, and is a goodly one.

The New York Sun and Garfield.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press. The animus of Charles A. Dana's attacks upon Gen. Garfield explained in a letter from Warren Ohio, in the Chicago Tribune. Dana is a native of Trowbridge county, Ohio, where his father and numerous relatives still reside. It forms a portion of the sixteenth congressional district of Ohio, which was represented by Garfield in Congress for many years. Dana desired to parcel out the patronage of his county among his friends, and sought to ingratiate himself with Garfield by all sorts of flattering attentions. Mr. Garfield paid no attention to his solicitations; certain petty appointments were made which did not suit Dana, and especially Dana's brother, who was allotted to the other day in the New York correspondence of the Pioneer-press as the real source of the malicious assault upon Garfield. There were some disgruntled politicians in the district. Dana & Bro. undertook to revenge themselves on Garfield by letting base a flood of slander upon him in his district—printed in the office of the New York Star, to organize an opposition to his re-election to Congress in 1874. This was the origin and animus of the slanders fabricated by the Sun in 1874—and which have recently been revived by that paper. Gen. Garfield took no notice of these slanders for a good while, but finally issued a printed address to his constituents, in which he completely demolished them. This is the only answer he ever made or ever will make to them. It so earnestly satisfied his constituents that these charges have never been listed against him there since then, and it is equally satisfactory to the country at large.

Garfield at Home.

E. V. Smalley. General Garfield is the possessor of two homes, and his family migrates twice a year. Some ten years ago, finding how unsatisfactory life was in hotels and boarding-houses, he bought a lot of ground on the corner of Thirteenth and First streets, in Washington, and, with money borrowed of a friend, built a plain, substantial three-story house. A wing was extended afterward to make room for the last-growing library. The money was repaid in time, and was probably saved in great part from what would otherwise have gone to landlords. The children grew up in pleasant home surroundings, and the house became a center of much simple and cordial hospitality. Five or six years ago the little cottage at Hiram was sold, and for a time the only residence the Garfields had in his district was a summer-house he built on Little Mountain, a bold elevation in Lake county, which commands a view of thirty miles of rich farming country stretched along the shore of Lake Erie. Three years ago he bought a farm in Mentor, in the same county, lying on both sides of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. Here his family spend all the time when he is free from his duties in Washington. The farmhouse is a low, old-fashioned, story-and-half building, but its limited accommodations have been supplemented by numerous outbuildings, one of which General Garfield uses for office and library purposes. The farm contains about 120 acres of excellent land, in a high state of cultivation, and the Congressman finds a recreation, of which he never tires, in directing the field work and making improvements in the buildings, fences and orchards. Cleveland is only twenty-five miles away; there is a postoffice and a railway station within half a mile, and the pretty county town of Plainville is but five miles distant. One of the pleasures of summer life on the Garfield farms is a drive of two miles through the woods to the lake-shore and a bath to the breakers.

She Fell.

A lady aeronaut met with a serious accident at the state fair at Salem. The balloon was filled, and the trapeze being placed in order, the lady performer took her position. The word was given to "let go," and as the balloon started to ascend, the wind blew it against one of the poles to which it was fastened, and the trapeze becoming entangled with the rope supporting it broke. The woman, seeing her danger, gave one piercing scream, and, seizing the pole, fell to the ground the distance being about thirty feet. She was rendered senseless by the fall. The balloon ascended about 400 feet, when it collapsed and fell to the ground like a ball of lead. After remaining unconscious for some time she was resuscitated and will recover.

News from Port Townsend.

The wrecked ship Edorado has 6000 feet of water in the hold and there are no hopes of saving her hull. The tug Goliath is stripping the ship. The loss of the ship was due to a dense fog and could not be prevented.

While a Little Son of H. M. McNary.

While a little son of H. M. McNary was standing near one of the show tents on the Fair Ground, a monkey, which was chained near by, jumped from a box and caught the little fellow square in the face. The sharp claws of the animal cut deep gashes in the boy's face and came near scratching out one of his eyes.

Twenty Years Ago.

Twenty years ago the deepest mining shafts in the world reached only about 2,000 feet below the surface. The very deepest, we believe, was a metalliferous mine in Hanover, which had been carried down to the depth of 2,900 feet. The deepest perpendicular shaft to-day is the Adelbert shaft in a silver lead mine in Příbram, in Bohemia, which, in May last, had reached the depth of 1,000 metres—3,280 feet.

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